



## Uncle Harry Talks About the Ex-Kaiser of Germany

"What do you think about the Kaiser?" asked Jimmy.

"I don't think very much of him," replied Uncle Harry, laughing, and then he added: "And one reason is that I don't waste very much time thinking about him at all. But I suppose what you have in mind is the news dispatches that have been in the paper from time to time about the plans that the allies have been making to try the Kaiser."

"I have been wondering what the allies would do about the Kaiser," too," added Joe. "The government of Holland refuses to agree to the

trial of Holland. When the allies recently asked the Holland government to surrender the Kaiser, the Holland government refused, and the reply to the allies stated that there is at present no international law under which a ruler of a country that has been vanquished in an international conflict and has fled to a neutral country can be surrendered by that neutral country.

"According to the recent news dispatches from Europe there are some people who are still urging the allied governments to obtain possession of the Kaiser at any cost, while others believe that, under the present circumstances, with so many other problems pressing on the world for solution and relief, it is not worth while making an issue over the former ruler of Germany who is, after all, only one man. His power is gone, he stands before the world disgraced and humiliated. His own German people overthrew his government, and some of them would undoubtedly have turned their guns on him had he been brave enough to remain in Germany. What the Kaiser tried to do, and the sorrow and suffering that his attempted program brought into the world will stand, I hope, as an everlasting warning to ambitious and autocratic rulers and tyrants everywhere.

"The opinion of the world seems to be divided on this question," said Uncle Harry. "There is no question, however, outside of Germany—and I am not so sure that we cannot include quite a number of the Germans—that the Kaiser is fully deserving of personal punishment. But the problem that puzzles many people is, Would any real good be accomplished by attempting to compel Holland by force to surrender the Kaiser and then imposing upon him whatever punishment might be fixed by the court that would try him?"

"Disgraced and Humiliated," said Uncle Harry. "The Kaiser proved himself a coward by fleeing from his own country when the German Revolution started back in November, 1918. One of two things would undoubtedly have happened. He would either have been arrested and tried by the German revolutionaries and possibly executed, or under the terms of the treaty of peace between the allies and Germany, Germany would have been compelled to surrender the Kaiser and his trial would probably now be under way. But the Kaiser fled from his own country into the neutral coun-

try of Holland. When the allies recently asked the Holland government to surrender the Kaiser, the Holland government refused, and the reply to the allies stated that there is at present no international law under which a ruler of a country that has been vanquished in an international conflict and has fled to a neutral country can be surrendered by that neutral country.

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## CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SAMMIE'S THIMBLE.  
By HOWARD R. GANIS

Uncle Wiggily and Sammie Little, the boy rabbit, were alone in the burrow, or underground house, one day.

"I think I'll go out and look for an adventure," said the rabbit gentleman.

"And I'll go with you, if I may," said Sammie.

"That will be jolly," said Uncle Wiggily. "Get on your hat and coat and don't forget your mittens, Sammie, as it is very cold out today."

"I'll get them!" exclaimed Sammie. "But pretty soon the rabbit gentleman heard Sammie cry:

"Oh, I can't go! Oh, my mittens!"

"What have you lost your mittens?" called Uncle Wiggily.

"No, I haven't lost my mittens," Sammie answered, "but they have big holes in them. I'll freeze my paws."

"Very true," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Let me see your mittens, Sammie."

So the little rabbit boy brought his mittens. Truly, the mittens each had holes in.

"No, you can't wear them," said Uncle Wiggily. "But if they were sewed shut you could."

"Oh, I know how to sew—a little!" said Sammie. "But I don't know where there are any buttons."

"Silly boy! You don't need a button to sew up a hole in a mitten!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Get this needle and thread and a thimble."

"Why do I need a thimble?" asked Sammie.

"To push the needle through the cloth of the mittens, to be sure," answered the rabbit gentleman.

"Well, I'll see if I can find a thimble," said Sammie.

So he hunted all over, but no thimble could he find, and at last he went out in the kitchen and got the nutmeg grater.

"This nutmeg grater is rough," said Sammie. "I guess it will do."

"I guess so," agreed Uncle Wiggily, who didn't know much more about sewing than the boy rabbit. Sammie had some hole sewed and he was starting on the other, pushing the needle through with the edge of the nutmeg grater, when all of a sudden, the door opened, and in came bounding a big, shaggy chap, all covered with snow and icicles and bits of bark from trees.

"Oh! Oh!" howled this queer creature. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, somebody's got to do something!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, jumping out of his chair quickly. "What does this mean? Who is this and what does he want?"

"Oh, somebody's got to do something," howled the creature again. "Dear me!" said Uncle Wiggily again. "I wonder if he means he'll do something by taking our house?"

"I'm afraid so," answered Sammie.

But the queer chap kept dancing around, bumping into things, but he made no move toward taking Uncle Wiggily's house, and at last the rabbit gentleman politely asked:

"What is the matter, and who are you?"

"Oh, the matter is that my back itches so in the middle, where I can't reach to scratch it, that I'm almost crazy!" was the answer.

"Oh, scratch my back. I've rolled in the snow in back and leaves and against trees, but I can't scratch my back!"

"I'll scratch it," said Sammie, and he did—with the nutmeg grater. And then the leaves and the things fell to the floor, and there was Mr. Twistytail, the nice pig gentleman.

"Then Sammie finished sewing up his mittens, and he was glad he had used the nutmeg grater for a thimble and so was Mr. Twistytail, and then Uncle Wiggily and the boy rabbit had a fine adventure in the woods with the pig gentleman.

"The death of a public man to whom many persons look for guidance is prophesied.

"Persons whose birthdate it is should be especially wary of litigation or quarrels during the coming year.

Children born on this day may be rash and impetuous. These subjects of Aquarius may be peculiarly liable for accident and should be carefully guarded while they are young.

"For goodness sake," I rejoined, laughing, "this isn't the time and place for a declaration of that sort! Besides—" I lowered my tones discreetly—"there's one quality that a woman longs for in a man—she insists upon it, Tony—and you haven't got it!"

"And what is that?" said he, anxiously. "Sincerity!" I nodded gaily at him, and ran off.

Tomorrow—A Friend in Need.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

HOROSCOPE.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1920.

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Astrologers read this as rather an unfavorable day, for Venus and Mars are both in evil place.

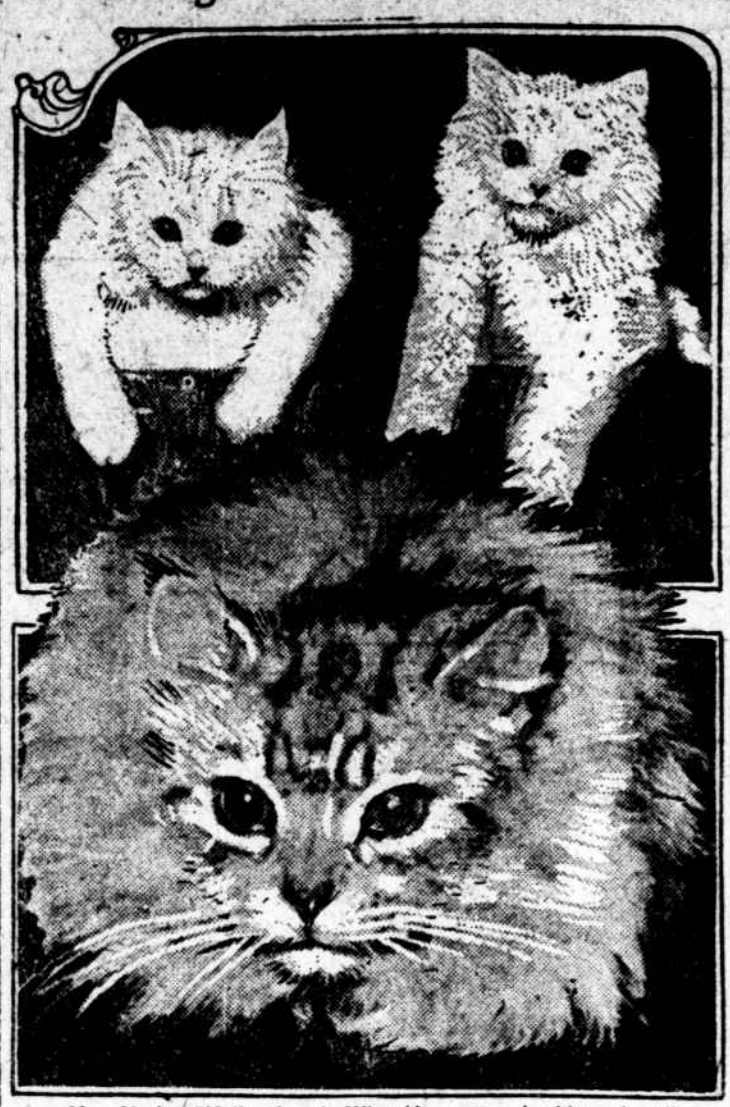
There is a sign read as presaging troubles for women who engage in public work. Embarrassing circumstances may attend some great movement.

Ministers and all who seek public approbation may find the planetary influence inimical to them while this configuration prevails.

Lovers should delay pledging themselves by engagement or marriage at this time, for there is a forecast of disagreements and even serious dissensions.

Public meetings of every sort may be affected by the sinister direction of the stars, which appear to forecast unresponsiveness and severe

## Prize Winning Kittens Ready To Tangle Yarn or Claw Curtains



New York.—Hello, there! What if we are prize kittens? All we want is a spool or two and some nice tangly yarn, and we'll lose our dignity in a hurry!

True, these kittens are prize winners, but what little boy or girl should be awed by that? Phychic and Purrsia, the twins who appear to be waiting the signal to go "over the top," belong to Miss Marian Hope, of New York. The silver tabby beneath, Commander Stripes, is owned by Mrs. Layman B. Sturges, of New York. All three were winners in the recent New York Cat Show.

Commander Stripes, Purrsia and Phychic posed just for your benefit, children. You can see they are waiting for an invitation to come for a romp.

"Balls are great things to play with, too," purrs Phychic. "And as for curtains—well!"

REMODELING A WIFE  
A Story of Married Life Where the Husband Would Be a Creator  
By MILDRED K. BARBOUR.  
Copyright, 1920, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate

XXXI—A Midnight Visitor.

"Alex! I'm so happy to see you! I declare I could kiss you," Doris greeted young Muncaster rapturously.

"Well, I'm willing," grinned that young man, grasping her hand warmly. "But do it quick before Carrington sees me."

Doris giggled happily and drew him into Margaret's small sitting room back of the library.

"I know you won't want to meet the mob in there," indicating the drawing room, from which issued the hum of conversation, and Mrs. Stevenson's tinkling laugh. "And besides I'm just hungry to talk to you about—home."

"You look it," Muncaster glanced her over critically. You're thinner, Doris, but some queen, believe me."

"Am I still pretty?" Doris tilted her head coquettishly with a sudden renewal of her babbling girlhood manner.

"Are you?" Gosh!" Alex mopped his brow feebly. "Can't you hear my heartbeats?"

Doris giggled appreciatively. "Now do sit down in this comfortable chair by the fire and I will get you a bit of supper."

"But I just had dinner on the train about 9 o'clock," he protested.

"He shook his head despondently. "It's no use, I can't be a romantic figure. You can take a fellow seriously that you're always trying to fool."

Doris sped away and returned almost immediately with a tray containing sandwiches and sweet cakes and a decanter of golden wine, with two glasses.

Muncaster raised his brows in surprise. "Only fancy Mamma McKim seeing this! She's a white ribboner, isn't she?"

Doris looked guilty.

"I don't really like it," she confessed as she poured out the golden liquid, "and the first I drank made me awful sick, but they serve it every night for dinner and Stewart says it looks provincial if I don't take any."

"Completely forgetting to name them to each other, she sped away again to extend a stiff little hand and a fixed little smile to the ponderous adieux of Margaret's friends.

"Lila, here's the dearest boy from home. Please be nice to him, while I attend to my duties as hostess."

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## Yellow Men Sleep

By Jeremy Lane.  
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BYSTANDER OF PROCEEDING  
INSTALLMENT.

Con Livingston's destiny began at a fateful dinner where he found Chee Ming, then a Chinese servant, whom he cleverly rescued from the hands of his master, Stephen March, who resented to him that tiny packet bears a map to a hidden empire. They select him, I take the packet and find this mysterious power and under sealed orders."

Livingston is told of two unsuccessful quests for the mysterious Gobi Empire by Stephen March and his son, Andrew. He is deeply impressed by the fact that the younger March, as one of these trips, when near his goal, "the strange riders" came, and robbed him of his wife, Ethana, and his baby girl, leaving him a map to a hidden empire.

After days of tedious traveling they arrive at the hidden empire. Ward discovers his daughter Helen and introduces her to Con Livingston. Helen speaks English, and has uncanny confidence in Chee Ming.

CHAPTER XIV.  
BELOW THE WALLS.

On his roof again, Con noted that an awning slung had been stretched over his doorway, and a couch placed beneath it in the open air, for his added comfort. A silver pitcher of wine stood on a table, and he found that the wine was acceptable having been cooled in spring-water. But all was secondary, even the silent departure of the guards, for he was thinking in a whirl of his own mind.

Her innocence was amazing, like her wisdom—an American personality with strange diagonals of the Orient. Con loved the tang of desert sunlight upon her cheek, her gray and auburn hair, her shoulders were neither wide nor narrow, and she was not tall. He remembered everything she had said, and was unable to evade her final utterance, which became more and more a subtle poison to him.

He turned back to yesterday, recalled how she had ridden, how her pony had galloped from the top of the main after he had said to her, "How her brown hair had streamed out from the soft gray cloak No Chinese princess could ever have ridden at such a pace. But, again, there was the gentle almost lifeless movement of the hands of the woman, Commander Stripes, in the recent New York Cat Show.

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## Helene's Married Life

By May Christie  
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XIX—Off to Church.

"Helene," Alice went on, "you seemed rather keen to play the guardian angel to the unknown youth who had been accident." Alice's eyes were serious. "Well, why don't you come over to Anstruther Lodge and help to nurse him?"

I felt amazed.

"But, Alice, you laughed at such an idea yesterday!"

"She had the grace to look a little awkward."

"Oh, my bark's worse than my bite!" to tell the truth, Helene, I admired you for your courage! You know